MAUD AND THE ROSES.

[New York Journal.] Within the elaborately furnished parlor of a palatial Fifth avenue residence, her dainty feet encased in dainty slippers of violet colored silk, sat Maud L'Acquilton, the cherished child of fortune. Reared in the lap of luxury she was ignorant of the trials and sorrows Bristol, the weak-eyed, knock-kneed which beset the busy mart where men son of a haughty millionaire, began the battle for bread. In her hand she held ascent. There was a triumphant gleam the picture of a young man who, like in the eyes of the latter, for he read in herself, had been reared amid scenes of Roderick's face the story of a broken elegant affinence. .

loved by all who knew her. There was of jealous despair. With a mighty efan indescribable tenderness in her fort, however, he mastered his emotion great blue eyes, a soft, tender, yet withal and passed on. An hour later a man a firm expression in the slight compres- whom he had esteemed as an old friend sion of her lips, and a definiteness, as refused him the loan of a dollar. it were, in the character of her face which stamped her as a woman whose compassionate nature was under the control of a high order of intelligence. As she sat before the parlor grate, her fair skin delicately tinged by the

bers she was a woman of surpassing beauty. The loosely-fitting morning wrapper which she wore fell gracefully might have been proud. Horace L'Acquilton, the moneyed ing undone which he had reason to be wealth.

lieve would contribute to the happiness of her young and innocent life. Though already a millionnaite he longed for an opportunity to double his vast wealth. his purpose being to present to his daughter, upon her arrival at the age of maturity, a fortune which would make her the wealthiest lady in the land. Mand was unconscious of her father's perilous ambition. She only knew that her every want was supplied even anticipated, and she was quite as happy as it is possible for mortal to be "I wonder," she mused, the while gazing intently upon the picture.
"whether he really loves me? Yet why should I be so exacting when I scarce knowmy own heart? He is young, hand-

A gentle tread upon the velvet carpet ing attracted the quick ear of the sen-"Roderick!" she exclaimed. "Who

gave you permission to enter here?" Maud's beautiful face flushed crimson as she rose hastily from the sumptuous ottoman and turned toward the intru-

The figure before her was that of a dashing man of the world. He was tall fine looking and elegantly attired. His mustache-was long and silken, and his eyes, though bearing the evidence of dissipation, were still lustrously black There was an expression of sadness in sight of the picture in Maud's hand. "Had I known so much," said Roder

ick Froyart, his voice husky with emotion. "I would not have ventured here." This is folly, Roderick!" exclaimed Maud, biting her lips in nervous vexa tionl "Really, you misjudge me-yor cannot understand, I-" to d tossing the picture upon an ivory-

mounted centre-table, she threw herseli back into the ottoman and buried her face in her hands. For a moment Roderick Froyart stood

gazing fixedly upon the form of the woman whom he madly loved. The rose in his fingers dropped to the floor. and lay there unheeded. "And this is why you have ceased to care for me!" he said finally.

A deep change had taken place in the man. He seemed to have aged a score of years in the brief interval during which he had surrendered himself to the conflicting emotions of his heart.

"It is for this humiliation that I have given you the truest and best love of a cause you one moment's anguish.'

man, and would have died rather than "Roderick," gasped the unhappy girl, "you misjudge me!" As she said this she lifted up her curl-laden head and gazed at him be-

seechingly through her falling tears. "One week ago," continued the man, unmindful of the interruption, and seemingly unconscious of the fact that his every word sank like a poisoned arrow into the soul of the listener; "one week ago to-day you heard the words of burning love which I poured into your listening ear. You returned them word for word, and with your arms around my neck and your soft breath upon my brow you promised, on the honor of your womanhood, to be my wife. As you are now I was the spoiled child of lux-What has happened since to so change your feeling towards me? Listen, Maude, and I will tell you Tuesday last my father failed because he foolishly sought to uphold the credit of the haughty house of Vanderbert, and I suddenly find myself a penniless wanderer, driven to the extremities of the adventurer in the effort to uphold my standing at the clubs. You have been informed of this, and your heartyour fickle heart in at once wrested from my grasp and given over to another. Yet I knew our social standing had undergone a terrible change, and 1 had come here to surrender my rights, to return your fond letters when I am

suddenly awakened to the fact that you never loved me! Oh, Maud! Maud! You have destroyed me!"

"Roderick!" cried the girl, springing to her feet and rushing towards his retreating figure with outstretched arms. "You wrong me cruelly when you say I do not love you. The heart that was yours on Monday last beats as truly and faithfully for you to-day!" "Then fly with me!" cried the man, as he encircled her slender waist with his arm and half dragged her in his frantic joy towards the door. "Ha!" he exclaimed, suddenly relax-

ing his hold and gazing at her with fixed features and distended eyes. "You shrink from me!"

"Do not blame me, Roderick," she said, in a low voice, "for I am only 2 poor, weak child. In your present condition you could not support a wife, Indeed, you are unable to support yourself. Do not be angry with me, for I speak for your good-as one, in fact, who loves you more dearly than life itself. Ti the cruel mandate of society

prohibits me from becoming your wife it cannot take from me the right to love you through life as a sister. Leave me, I beg of you, and never come here again. The honor of my father's house commands us to part as strangers."

There was an imperial grandeur in the girl's delivery that staggered Roderick Froyart, accomplished worldling though he was. His eyes fell to the ground, and with bowed head and aching heart he dragged his heavy feet into Fifth avenue.

As the door closed behind him Maud L'Acquilton's courage forsook her. She most certain cure for malarial fever is recled back into the room and clutched strong coffee.

the tailen rose as she fell prostrate ... "ABBY CRIED AND JACK CRIED." the floor.

as he pushed aside the capestried partition which marked the division of his spacious parlors, and rushed to his daughter's side, "what wretch has dared to tell her that I am a ruined man?"

As Roderick Froyart descended the steps of the L'Acquilton mansion Oscar heart. Roderick glared savagely at his Mand was a sweet-faced girl and was rival, and clinched his fists in the agony

"They say it is disgraceful," he said to himself, "but I will do it. Aver even this very day I will go to work and endeavor to win back the fortune and honor of my family.

One week later Roderick Froyart genial warmth from the burning em was a salesman in a Bowery hat store. He had made rapid strides in the affection and confidence of his employer, and had begun already to look forward over her person, revealing occasional to the hour of his appointment as outlines of a form of which Psyche cashier. At last his proud ambition to the hour of his appointment as was crowned with success and the funds of his employer were in his keeping. master of the house, was devotedly at In safer keeping the honest hatter could tached to his only child, and left noth not have intrusted his hard-earned

> "If nobility is lacking in any of America's upper middle classes," thought Roderick Froyart, "it" shall never suffer by act of mine."

As he wandered to his boarding house that night his attention was attracted to a young and beautiful girl who stood at the corner of Third avenue and Ninth street, offering bouquets to the passers-by.
"Roses," he thought, "roses that once

showered upon Maud." Something in the manners of the girl's face appealed to him. He stopped to buy a rose. Again the flower

dropped from his fingers. Maud!" he excleimed. be you?" "It is, Roderick," replied the poor girl, bursting into tears. "Father is

dependent entirely upon me for his daily bread. He hopes, however, to retrieve his fortune as soon as he recovers from rheumatic fever." "Has he rheumatic fever?" asked Roderick, his voice showing the emo-

tion which racked his frame. "Yes, Roderick," replied the girl. The old love look was in her eyes. stooped and picked up her rose.

An hour later the wretched flower girl was the wife-of Roderick Froyart, and the happy pair, having previously provided for the necessaries of Dr.

who with his young wife were hiding in Adrian, Michigan, received the following dispatch from his father-in-law. "Come at once. Have settled with the hatter, and am rich as ever. H. ZEPHONIS L'ACQUILTON."

And now Roderick and Maud reside together in the old Fifth avenue mansion, and laugh merrily as they think of how Oscar Bristol strangled himself

by tight lacing.
Mr. L'Acquilton lives with his children, and sings nursery songs to a new little Maud, who prattles "papa" whenever she sees Roderick Froyart. And little Maud when she plays with the roses that meet her everywhere never dreams of the romance they typify in that happy home.

Dead Men's Shoes.

(Washington Republican.) "Dead men's shoes? Yes, sir, several dealers make a specialty of them, and sell large numbers." The speaker was the proprietor of one of the innumerable second-hand stores which line D street from Eighth to Tenth streets. and whose presence has christened that thoroughfare the "Chatham street" of

Washington. "How do you get them?" "Oh, that's easy enough," he replied, with a strong German accent, accompanied by an odor of onions. "We have agents. They go about town, and whenever they see crape on the door they put down the number and street their memorandum book. Then, after waiting a reasonable time, until the burial is over, the agent calls again and makes an offer for the dead man's shoes, which is generally accepted. Sometimes the agents buy clothing in the same way, but boots and shoes can always be bought. If they are out of repair we mend them, I guess at least every week at an average price of \$1 per pair. Colored men are the best

the paper on the wall." On the Wrong Foot.

[Norwalk Hour.] A little Norwalk boy got a sliver in wound, made by his mother and seconded by his grandmother, we carried in spite of his objections. He kicked and screamed, and protested that he would It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice while the paapply that also if he made the least show of resistance.

When all was ready the youngster was boy's foot, he opened his mouth to sav something, but his mother, with the stick, awed him into silence. Again the boy strove to make himself heard. and again the upraised stick warned him to be quiet. In a few short minutes the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked up in bed, there to remain until the medicine had done its work. As the urchin's tormentors moved away, a shrill, small voice from under the bedclothes: "You've dot it on the wrong food!"

Spelled It All.

[Exchange.] A farmer went to hear the great Wesley preach upon the subject of money. "Get all you can," said Wesley. The farmer was delighted. "Save all you can." The farmer was still more delighted, and thought Wesley the most practical preacher he had ever listened to. "Give all you can." "Pshawi this the farmer exclaimed: We has come and spoilt it'all !"

Travelers in Africa assert that the

"Unhappy child," groaned her father, How a Carrier Boy Fell in Love with a Little Whitehead. [Detroit Free Press.]

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Scott street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on e head and leave the stick of candy He had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that its mother was pale-fared and hardly able to drag about. It was weeks before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make and roughing it until he word. al become suspicious and hard-hearted, should eatch on to a little whitehead,

And something more. One day he brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother would find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby, and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep, and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for two weeks was purchased with Jack's the railroad hands. Hon. Mr. Bookmoney. The mother could only thank | walter of Ohio was one of our party, him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came around next day, the mother had been buried, and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier goodby, and the poor and lowly people drew off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung around his neck and seemed to realize that he was to lose a friend, and, as

one who stood by expressed it: "The baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they L'Acquilton, took the first train for finally took the child away Jack's heart his face which deepened when he caught Chicago. The next day the Bowery was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little child for the Two months' later, Roderick Froyart, last time he turned and ran away and never looked back!"

How They Conquer.

[New York Cor. Utica Herald.] It is often a matter of interesting inquiry how a performer conquers an audience. To this it may be replied that John Philip Kemble rendered Hamlet in such solemn majesty that it won admiration. Carrick on the other hand mastered the sympathies of the public by the intensity of Lear's misfortunes. Mrs. Siddons enchanted every one by stately dignity combined with her power over the emotional nature. Cooke had so much natural mischief that he made an inimitable Iago. Kean was master of the passions and electrified the audience by displays of this character. Forrest's greater power was his fine figure and tremendous voice, which indeed rendered him mere ranter. Booth, like Kemble, gives us the dreamy, meditative Hamlet in all the fullness of dignity awakened to indignation. Miss Cushman had a strong magnetic power, which made her very ugliness fascinating. Coming down to other performers, it has been said that Mary Anderson attracts audiences by a peculiar ease of glibness of voice, while Fannie Davenport's power is in her fine personal appearance. Rose Eytinge works upon the sympathies. Maggie Mitchell's forte is youthful vivacity, while it is said of Clara Morris that she has tears in her voice. Hence she finds no difficulty in making the audience weep. Kate Claxton, on the other hand, is always burned out, or else in some other danger of the fire king, and this, of course, renders her an object of curiosity. The dramatic stars thus differ in glory to a degree that often sur-

5,000 pairs are sold on D street alone The Modern Average Congressman. [Josquin Miller's Washington Letter.] If we could only get a law passed to customers." At this point the dealer in keep congressmen out of Washington it pedal coverings of defunct citizens was would be a better place. The annual called inside by the minor clerk, who inundation of unwashed, arrogant, haywas trying to force the sale of a large | seed congressmen is the greatest affliculster on a very thin man, with the tion that over overtakes this city, and frequent remark that it "fit him like we have the malaria here some, have even had the small-pox. Of course, if this howling congressman did not descend upon Washington with such a pomp and air, I would not feel it my duty to say this of those who otherwise his foot, and a motion to poultice the might be my friends. But there is no disguising the fact that the modern average congressman is a numance. is a fact, a shameful fact, and all his own fault, too, that he is studiously not submit to any such indignity, but "ent" by the best society here in Washthe majority against him was two to ington. And society is a thing a conone, and the poultice was made ready. gressman desires. His face of brass is not accustomed to have many doors against it. He is a little lord at home. tient's mother stood over him with a where his audacity is mistaken for castick with authority and instructions to pacity, his brass for brains, and he does not like to be snubbed and kept in his place in Washington.

Of course, this was not always so, placed on the bed and operations be- and it should not be so now. It would gan. As the hot poultice touched the not be so if the people would send up gentlemen to the federal capitol. But the very qualities which have



"CORN-PONES" IN ITALY.

Two-Thirds of the Italian People Bat Corn-Bread in the American Sense

[Naples Cor. American Register.] Indian-corn is the grand staple of the cople's food in northern Italy, and acaroni is more widely known in nation Italy; hence the Alta-Italians re nieknamed mange-polento (mushsters), and the southern Italians, ange-macaroni (macaroni-caters.) ut it is an ordinary mistake of Amerean and English travelers to suppose that all Neapolitans, and the great buly the people of the former kingdom of Two Sicilies (more than one-third of e population of all Italy), eat nothing it macaroni movning, noon and night. may say that out of the half million mbitants of Naples, not more than a undred thousand taste macaroni daily. with the exception of Sunday, when two-thirds cat the favorite food. It is too costly for the low classes to indulge in it daily. A great deal of Indian-meal to ask for one in return. After that it is used up in bread for the common cople; while in the country perhaps. two-thirds of the peasants eat cornoread in the American sense of that

ast December I was with a party of friends going over the plains of Pasand be more than a big brother to tum to visit the famous temples, when him, but that was what happened at noon we happened to pass near the railway then constructing, but now open. It was noontime, and the peasant women were hauling carts as large as those propelled by donkeys in the city. These carts were filled with golden yellow-and-brown "corn-pones." fresh and hot from the ovens. In vain we endeavored to buy the delicious looking loaves, for the picturesquelooking women said that they were for and he seemed more disappointed than any one else, for he remembered, when a hard-toiling boy in the valley of the Wabash, in Indiana, how good cornbread tasted about noontime in the faraway Hoosier state.

But Indian-corn here is not merely used for bread and polenta by the common people, it is caten green in vast quantities. You will see men here in Naples pulling around a large caldron on low trucks such as boys in America use for their little carts and wagons; and the sight of urchins and grown-up people munching the toothsome food is seen at every turn. The supply is continuous for nearly five months, as there are three crops of green com in the year. About mid-June the first is in the market; then a second, in August and September; and the third, towards the end of November. TheIndian-corn crop has sometimes been so plentiful that there have been shipments of it to England.

CRYPTOGRAPHY.

The Cipher Code of the Army and Its ness Circles. [Chicago Inter Ocean.]

invented one of the best-possibly the ness and even of violence. That night very best cipher codes ever built. Its the cafes were closed at 9 o'clock. They author was Gen. Anson Stager, assisted by Col. Lynch and several of his aides. This code was very flexible; that is, its range; its principles once understood. streets, these m.s.s, whose natures it was comparatively simple, and with would be better indicated if the first out the key a message written in it was letter in these initials were changed for an impenetrable secret. It was the first code in which phrases were determined by a single word, and from this peculiarity it was called by its inventors an arbitrary cipher. Thus the expression Hood is coming north," was indicated by the word "Brute;" "Animals in poor condition," by "Adam." Every phrase and sentence describing the condition of field and camp, the state of the army, movements of the enemy, every event and incident likely to occur was de-

scribed by a single arbitrary word. Names of places, states, counties townships; the name of every prominent individual in civil and military life in the country were all fitted with code words. This of itself constituted a cipher practically impossible to read. But, not content with one band of secrecy, the inventors provided two. A system of arranging the message, after it had been turned into cipher, was included in the code. The arrangement and parallel lines, called respectively routes and lines, into smaller squares. In every separate instance and

arrangement varied. peculiarity was that until the last word of the message was translated the key word did not appear, and the proper arrangement was not manifested. This wonderful code was known and understood by not over two hundred persons. The cipher operators of the United States military telegraph corps (who have maintained their organization in civil life. and were last week in convention in this city) were its custodians. One of them was attached to the staff of each division commander, but even the commanding general of the army was as ignorant of the code as the

veriest shoulder-strapper. To guard against the contingencies of an operator's capture or of a copy of the code being secured, the code was divided in twelve books, each set numbered and being made up of a totally different set of words. Book No. 2 was dropped in a southern river, and book No. 9 was captured with its custodian, an operator named McReynolds. He chewed and swallowed six leaves of it before the rebels seized and wrested it from his grasp. Their capture was of small adventage to them, however. An arrangement was in force which made the disappearance of an operator known immediately by Gen. Stager, and within twelve hours after McReynold's capture book No. 9 was abandoned by the

cipher; minus the arrangement of routes and lines, which is manifestly too complicated for ordinary uses, came into wide use among merchants and individuals who patronize the telegraph. With scarcely an exception every commercial and governmental cipher is now built on the arbitrary plan. There are a vast number in use, each fitting one particular kind of business and none other. Their present object is less to insure secrecy than to serve the purpose of economy. A message of perhaps sixty words may be condensed by means of an ordinarily copious cipher in ten. It is for this reason that telegraph companies do not regard them with a lasting love and control their use by rules which limit the length of code words and also force their selection from Webster's or other equally well-known dictionary.

American Ways. [Chicago Tribune.]

London is fast adopting American manners. There are now seven hotels, each to contain 1,000 bedrooms, in course of construction in that city. Many rich London people prefer boarding in hotels to keeping house. DOWN PICCADILLY.

A Night Scene One Ought Not to Wish to See More Than Once a

[Loudon Letter in Inter Ocean.] Few male visitors to London are unacquainted with the neighborhood about Piccadilly Circus and the top of the Haymarket, and many American ladies also know it, but the latter go shopping there, it wears a different aspect. No respectable woman should be seen in this locality after 8 or 9 o'clock without an escort, and even with a protector she would better be in a cab than on the sidewalks. One sees here a miniature view of the gayest life of Paris. The glare of the cafes, the rich and tasteful toilets of the females, and the many men to be seen in full evening dress, all remind you of that city, though, of course, the scene lacks much of the Parisian brilliancy. This panorama of gayety begins when the ordinal shops have closed; and its

when, half an hour after midnight, the mixed crowds pour out from the fashionable places of entertainment. Then you witness sights such as one ought not to wish to see more than once in a lifetime. The Criterion side of Regent street, below the circus, is one conglomerate mass of pleasure-seeking humanity-the sterner and gentler sexes mingling with the utmost abandon, the police seeming to have no mission than simply keep the throng in motion. You may sing, swear, caress, and utter foulest talk, but you must move on. The females are elegantly dressed, and many of them, in the gas light, seem to have pretty faces, but liquor and shame have destroyed all sense of decency, and as you watch their frolics you blush for the sex they disgrace. The men, I regret to say, are not all young, nor are the youngest the most reckless in their actions. One can excuse folly in those who know little of the world, and have few obligations resting upon them, for the hope is that age will teach them discretion. But many gray-bearded sinners are there—some, doubtless, having wives and daughters at home who re-

gard them as gems of innocency. This scene is enacted nightly throughout the whole year. The characters change, but the play goes on. A few weeks hence many of the male participants will have resumed habits of respectability. The older will have gone back to the bosoms of their unsuspecting families, and some of the younger perchance, have led some pure maiden to the altar. Some of the females, too, will have gone, but the change for these will mean, not an upward, but a downward career—a deeper plunge into the abyss of vice or a plunge, it may be, in some moment of over-

Occasionally, as a week ago, this scene is varied by the introduction into In the early days of the rebellion was it of additional elements of uproarioushad to close up in self-protection, for a mob of medic students took possession and were rapidly making kindling wood capacities for expression covered a wide of the furniture. Turned into the streets, these m.s.s. whose natures an a, betook themselves to the noble pastime of smashing gentlemen's hats and of heaping greater indignities than usual upon the luckless females who understanding of the leading traits in infest that neighborhood. The fun continued till the early morning and no ries an extra cigar, and he drops in and arrests were made, the explanation being that it was the anniversary of the prince of Wales' birthday, and that these gay young sparks were given annual license to thus make merry over the

Judge Marshall and the Wine. [Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The following incident is related by Josiah Quincy as having been told him by Justice Story, of that court, the father of the sculptor. It was mentioned in speaking of the rule prevailing in 1826 among the justices of the supreme court in regard to the acceptance of social invitations and the use of wine. Judge Story said of himself and was in a square, divided by vertical the other members of the supreme court:

"We judges take no part in Washington society. We dine once a year with the president, and that is all. On other days we take our dinner together and discuss at table the questions which are argued before us. great ascetics, and even deny ourselves wine, except in wet weather.'

Here the judge paused as if thinking

that the act of mortification he lad mentioned placed too severe a tax on human credulity, and presently added: What I say about the wine, sir, gives on our rule: but it does sometimes appen that : in salef justice will say to when the cloth is removed. Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And, if I tell him that the sun is shining brightly, Judge Marshall will sometimes reply, 'All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining some-

"You know that the chief was brought up upon Federalism and Madeira, and he is not the man to outgrow his early prejudices.'

[Inter Ocean.]

Brow?" quota the Editor. "I am,"

"Wall, he ain't so bad a man after "Well, Mr. Smith, what we want to know is: Is Mr. Jones of a quarrel-

"Yes, I'm a cop, and I've several little copies," remarked the policeman.

Miss M. E. Braddon has written fortyone novels.

Because she takes me as her very own, Claiming my fealty while life shall last My soul renounces all th' unworthy past; With ruthless hand its idols I dethrone. I walk life's devious path no more alone;

For each oppressed a lance I freely break. I walk encased in armor pure and bright, Crowned with honor by her spotless hand. consequently, only acquainted with its daylight character. At night

culmination and grand finale is reached to

The New Associate Pures.

A certain Young Man came from the Vest to a Great city, and having much Confidence in himself knocked at the Door of an editor, asking Boisterously for Work. "In what Line has nature best Qualified you to sweat at your sconded the Party addressed, "Multidinous in the matter of Revamping the deas of Others." "Come, be Received. unto me, Then," exclaimed Joyously the editor, "for I have Sought with most sad Disasters for lo these many Days that I might find a Humorist. Even such Shalt thou be with Me." And the

Vivid in Verbal Exercise. [Detroit Free Press.] "Mr. Smith do you know the character of Mr. Jones?" "Wall, I rather guess I do, jedge."

"Well, what do you say about it?"

some and dangerous disposition?" "Wall, jedge, I should say that Tom. Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise like Mr. Winans' "way of butchering but when it comes to personal adjustgrame at all." "What is his mode?" ment, he hain't eager for the contest.

For youth's mad follies striving to atone. Because she loves me, firm I take my stand, Unflinchingly to battle for the right; All womanhood is sacred for her sake,

All aims ignoble from my heart I cast.

[Sarah D. Hobart.]

SOMETHING BETTER THAN FAME Bro. Gardner Speaks of Several Men Who are Happier Than the Ancient

[Lime-Kiln Club.]

"De odder night," began the president as the club came to order, "de ole man Birch cum ober to my cabin an' cried bekase he had not becum a great an' famous man. Datsot me to finkin'." "Cicero was a great man, but I cannot find it on record dat he eber took

any mo' comfort dan Samuel Shin does. Samuel has 'nuff to eat an' drink an' w'ar, an' of an ebenin' he kin sot down in a snug co'ner an' eat snow apples an' read de paper. He am harmless to de community as he am. Make a great man of him an' he might invent a new sort o' religun, or originate a new theory in pollytics, or do sunthin' or other to upsot de minds of half de

"Demosthenes was a great man, but I can't find dat a coal dealer's collector could put his hand on him when wanted as he kin on Giveadam Jones. You can't find dat his wife was a good cook, or dat he had a bath-room in his house, or a cupalo on his ba'n, or dat he relished his dinner any better dan Brudder Jones does, while he had de same chilblains an' headaches an' nightmares. As Giveadam now libs an' circulates children kin play with him, wood-piles in his nayborhood am safe, an' mo' dan one poo' fam'ly am indebted to him fur a shillin' in money or a basket of 'taters. Make him a great philosopher an' who kin tell how many rows an' riots an' broken heads could be laid to his door. "Plato was a great man, but I can't find dat he was fed on pertickler fine

beef or mutton, or dat his tailor gin him an extra fit, or dat he got a discount when he bought ten pounds of sugarall to once. When Waydown Bebee gits sot down in front of his cook-stove, a checker-board on his lap an' a panful of pop-corn at his right hand, wid five ickaninnies rollin' ober each udder on de floo', he am takin' a heap mo' comfort dan Plato eber dreamed of. He has no soarin' ambishun. He neither wants to save de world nor spite it. He makes no predickshuns fur people to worry ober, an' his theories nebber jar de dishes off de shelf. Make him a great man an' his comfort an' happiness fly away, an' he sots himself up to teach command an' becum eberybody's antagonist.

"De man who sighs to trade fa'r wages, a warm house an' a peaceful h'arthstun fur de glory of Bonapart am all! And how round it is, too! Here on

"De man who sacrifices his clean, humble cabin-his easy ole coat, his sat down under his oaks, built his hous, co'ncob pipe an' hisopitcher o' sider fur and planted his vine and fig tree-many de gab of an orator or de delushuns of a philosopher trades his 'tater fur a dear old sailor, a fellow world builder whose natures wind-fall apples. Let us purceed to of the far west. A dozen years ago or

> A Pleasant Little Game. [Detroit Free Press.]

He is a young man with a thorough human nature. He dresses well, carpresents a card to the effect that he is engaged in canvassing for an embryo work to be known as "The Encyclopedia of States." "Y-e-s, but I guess I don't care to

subscribe," replied the citizen. "Oh, but I don't want you to. book will be sold on its merits. I am calling upon a few of the most emi-nent-"

Here he makes a pause to allow the shot to strike, and then continues: -"citizens of Detroit-the most eminent and prominent citizens of Detroit to secure brief sketches of their lives.' "Ah!" says the other, as he begins to

"We desire to take five of the most prominent citizens of this county. In the sketches we desire to show how they have risen from poor boys to great and honored men.' [Here occurs another pause to allow

the victim to tickle himself.] "You were the first of the five selected," chips in the young man. mission is to secure your photograph in order to make a steel engraving. In the course of ten days I will be followed by the gentleman who writes the biographies. Have you a photograph?"
"Well—ah—I think so."

"We want one which does you full

justice. The engravings cost us \$55 each. This we pay out of our own pockets, but are compelled to make a charge of \$5 each for the tint paper and the reference in the index. Let's see, what does the initial in your middle name stand for?" It invariably stands for a

bill, and the young man leaves behind him such a pleasant impression that the victim keeps grinning for two weeks. At the end of that time he becomes suspicious, and in the course of a month he becomes a dangerous man to society.

Winans and the Crotters. [London Truth.]

That insatiable! Nimrod, Mr. Winans, has slaughtered 196 stags in the vast combined forests which he rents from Lord Lovat, Theo. Chisholm, Sir A. Matheson, and other proprietors, being an average of seven for each day's shooting. Mr. Winans' preserve extends to nearly 250,000 acres, and his rent is about £17,000 a year. If one estimates fairly for extra expenses, it would appear that each beast which he slavs costs him at least £130. Last season he killed 186 stags.

A Mr. Colin Chisholm was examined

before the Crofters' commission Friday

last. Being asked "whether he'thought another man would be found, when Mr. Winans was dead, to indulge to the same extent in what Mr. Winans 'calls sport,'" he replied that he did not think that Great Britain would allow such masses of land to remain in the possession of a man that does no good with it; and added: "I am not sure there are not men without conscience in the world as well as Mr. Winans." Being then pressed as to whether he objected to deer-stalking, he replied, not if it was conducted in a sportsmanlike way, but that he didenot "way of butchering "Gathsaid one of the commissioners. ering the deer together and driving them to the muzzle of his gun. deer-stalking."

How Henry Irving Began.

[Chicago Tribune.] "Know Irving?" said Frederick Maccabe the comedian. "Let me tell you when I first knew him. It was twenty years ago in Manchester, England, that Irving, a number of other actors, and myself belonged to a social club called the 'Titans.' We met every Tuesday evening for intellectual intercourse, and we all had funny names. I, for instance, was named Othello on account of my gentle nature, and Irving was called Apollo because he was not considered handsome. The Davenport mediums then a reigning sensation, Phillip Day and myself, three months study, succeeded in mastering their ropes, tricks, etc., and gave seances imitation of them, exposing all their methods. We played for charitable purposes, and all that sort of thing, and created quite a sensation. Irving was with us, playing the part of Dr. Ferguson, an individual who did the talking for the Davenports. I wrote a few funny lines for him at the time, and he elaborated the effort into a humorous

though we never gave one of these scenes in money we consented to appear at in ring's benefit before he went to London, and we performed all the operations of untying the ropes, etc., in the light instead of in the dark cabinet, as the Davenports did. The benefit realized £300. Irving went to London, and his career of success has never stopped since."

speech worthy of Mark Twain. Al-

A Point on Perjury.

On one occasion, says Oakey Hall in his reminiscences, a witness, to all moral conclusions, perjured himself, and yet he seemed cool and natural. Presently the recorder of the court turned in his peculiar, affable way, and said: "My friend, the room is not hot, the day is cold, and yet you are in a perspiration, are you not?" There were no signs of this, but the witness instantly caught up his handkerchief and began to mechanically wipe his and gulping down some water. Here the counsel for the defense showed signs of wishing to interfere, being afraid of his witness breaking down; but the recorder interposed with: Sorry to have agitated you, but my duty is like yours" (the recorder had an impressive voice), "to ascertain nothing but the truth and the whole Then the witness turned and "Please let me go; I am indeed

erally be noticed in men and women who are lying."

[Joaquin Miller's Washington Letter.] What a small world we live in, after the heights, alone, save for the many beautiful babies born to him since he vines and many fig trees, in fact-I fin so he found this spot with the encircled in his very dooryard, with many ship, the old Roman arena before him, aye, the very wild beasts devouring Christians over yonder at the capitol—finding all this before him, I say, he sat down here, would go no more away, but gave up his commission and has been here ever since, planting grapes, growing igs, looking down into the president's dooryard. And this silent little man, too modest to let me mention his name, is the very man, the humane and gallant soldier who went out unarmed, all alone, some fifteen years ago, and brought in more than a thousand armed Apache Indians, a feat that

startled the country at the time, I re-

From Paris to St. Petersburg. [Eastern Letter.] The carriage of the fast train which is to run from Paris to St. Petersburg will be supplied with adjustable wheels. rious gauges. From Paris to the Russian frontier the same gauge is used, whole distance without the inconven-

> Taking Walking Lessons. [Arkansaw Traveler,]

man to a colored gentleman, "why you and jerks it to the surface, and never are skulking around my premises?" without some of the finest specimens of "What does yer mean by skulkin',

boss?" "Walking around here in this man- take as many as 1,200 pounds of fish in ner." "How does yer 'speck a manter walk, boss? Sorry I can't walk ter suit yer. Speck I'll hafter go away an' take a

few lessons." "I am not talking about your actual manner of walking. I mean that I house table. "Why, we have moon-want to know what business you have light nights all the time, not just once

"Oh, dat's it? Gladdat yer ain't got no fault ter find wid my walk. Reckon I'll' let the lessons go den."

> Lafayette's Tomb. [Exchange.]

Gen. Lafayette's remains lie neglected and almost forgotten in the old Picpus cemetry, on the outskirts of Paris. Very few tourists ever ask to be shown there, and when they do make the request refuse to go on that they would be compelled to drive through narrow, crocked streets, entirely deserted save for the few solemn and gloomy-looking convents which line the

> Cremation in Portugal. [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The cremationists have won a decided victory in Portugal. After a long and bitter fight between the advocates of the plan, led by physicians and scientists generally, and the opponents, who were chiefly priests, the government has decided to make cremation optional with the people generally, and compulsory in all cases of death occurring in districts infected with the plague. "Does he stalk the deer?" "Him stalk! The government is said to favor a You might as well send an elephant general compulsory cremation law, but he day, as he racks down the western is restrained from making so radical a umpike, has been greatly admired by change out of fear of the church.

A Dinner of Horseflesh [Paris Cor. Chicago Herald.]

Upon the same wide boulevard, and nearly opposite, is found the Abbatoir Hippique, where horses are slaugh-tered for food. A number of car's were in waiting labeled Baucherie Hippique, with the name and number of the street where the horse butcher may be found. On entering, the carcasses of twenty or thirty horses are to be seen, strung up in the usual fashion of beef for market When divided into quarters they are neatly trimmed and covered with clean, white cloths, and present a rather enticeable appearance when one does not know they are hippophagi instead of bovi. About a dozen donkeys had been treated in the same manner, and I was assured they are esteemed much better for food than their more showy and aristocratic relative, the horse. The animals are all inspected by an officer of the health department before being offered for sale, and those not fit for food are sent to the zoological gardens to regale the dogs, bears, ostriches and other brutes imprisoned there. About a dozen living horses awaited their turn to minister to the exquisite taste for fine cookery so characteristic of the French.

During the siege of Paris the inhabitares found by woful experience that horsefiesh could be utilized for food, and since that time special restaurants have been established where roasts and ragouts are prepared with great care and served up in good style at much less prices than beef or mutton. The Grand hotel of this city provides an annual dinner in great style, at which no other viands are served. Our prejudices vanish under the facts of experience. To verify the opinions of others I have partaken of the entertainments offered by the Cafe Hippique, and can certify that the viands served therein compare favorably with the flesh ordinarily indulged in by the human biped. You will say it is disguised by the refined methods of French cookery, so that any peculiar flavor is hidden under veget ables and sauces used in their preparaforehead: "Are you ill; you look so pale?" He responded by turning pale and gulping down some water. Here positive experience I can testify that the viands thus served are most delicious.

The Lessoniof Peter Cooper's Life. [The Century.]
"Observing him carefully for a long

series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not His testimony was withdrawn by worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions consent, At the conclusion of the case or selfish aims had no weight with him, the recorder said to me: "I knew he and disappointments and annoyances was committing perjury, for he had a which would have left deep wounds peculiar tremor of the eyelids, which. with many, passed off from him for my nearness to a witness, I can with scarcely an observation. He always see. And this tremor may gen- was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstances, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge or meanness. If people disappointed him he passed over the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, 'the wisdom of innocence, ing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given.

Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception. "So his life passed in New York and in Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With honor, love and obe-

dience, hosts of friends, he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt." How Indians Capture Whitefish.

[Cor. New York Tribune.] The Indians on the Sault Ste. Marie have a peculiar method of capturing whitefish which abound in the rapids. Two Indians enter the rapids in a cance, one occupying the bow and the other the stern, the boat's head being kept up stream by a paddle in the which will enable them to travel on va- hands of the latter. The Indian in the bow stands upright and by the use of a long pole keeps the canoe steady. A but there it changes, and at the frontier dip-net, four or five feet in diameter, stations, Eydt Kuhnen and Warballan, and attached to a pole fifteen feet long the wheels will have to be readjusted. is in the boat, lying where it can be Travelers will thus be able to go the quickly and easily reached by the Indian in the bow. The boat is kept ience of having to change carriages. at the foot of the rapids by a wonderful The speed of the train will be one not display of skill on the part of the Indian hitherto attempted on the continent. It with the paddle, now holding it in one is to be ninety kilometers, or fifty-six spot, now forcing it a little further up miles (without stopping) an hour. It the stream, and now letting it float side is announced that the trains are on wise, all at the signaling of the Indian "the American pattern," including in the bow, who keeps a steady watch kitchen, dining saloon, reading and on the water. It is rarely less than ten drawing rooms, and all the other com- feet deep where they fish, and the Infortable arrangements essential to mod- dian fishermen possess the power of seeing the fish as they appear at that depth in the rushing water. As soon as the Indian sees a fish he siezes the net by the handle and thrusts it savagely "I would like to know," said a white into the water, gives it a peculiar twist whitefish, frequently as many six. Two

Indians in a boat of this kind will often

[Detroit Free Press.] "You ought to see our moon," said the young lady from Texas at the boarding-house table. "Why, we have moon-

in a while, as you do here." There was a painful silence over this, and the empty boarder at the foot of the table called for more pancakes.

"And you should just see our stars, pursued the fair astronomer. "They are much larger and brighter than yours and they look as if they were just pinned

to the sky." "We nail ours on," said the thirsty vouth next to the milk-pitcher, and closed the discussion for the season.

Epitaph copied in a French cemetery: "I await my husband. 10th October, 1820." And below: "Here I am!! 7th

February, 1880." A Milkman's Mine

[Exchange.] "Pa," said Rollo, looking up from Roughing It," "what is gold-learing quartz?" "Well, my son," said Rollo's ather, who was glancing in a trouble. nanner at the milkman's bill for Octo-

or 9 cents a quart, I think he has truck better gold-bearing quartz than wer Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of. Sunset scene in Georgia from The Jacon Telegraph: "The resy heels of

he ladies lately."

per, "when a man sells diluted water